

Sunday Advertiser

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EDITOR

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BUSINESS MAN AND LUNATIC.

In a book titled "My Life in Many Lands and in Foreign Lands," George Francis Train gives an account of his extraordinary course, of which the present elder generation is somewhat familiar. He was a millionaire and a pauper, a statesman and a fool, the founder of great projects, unreliable and a declared lunatic for many years.

In his fourth year, he was an orphan, and tended farm in Massachusetts. At the age of ten, he drove a market wagon to Boston, every day. He relates that he belonged to a club of boys in Waltham, who once invited the great Ralph Waldo Emerson, then unknown, to lecture before it, and Mr. Emerson consented to do so "for five dollars, and four quarts of oats for my horse."

He ran away from the farm, became a grocery boy, and finally became errand boy in the mercantile and shipping house of Train & Co., of which his cousin was the head. He soon developed propensities for starting audacious business schemes. In spite of the conservatism of the house, when the gold fever broke out in California in 1848 he induced the firm to invest in the building of those marvelous "clippers" which were the wonder of the world, in their swift trips around Cape Horn. The "Flying Cloud" made the passage to San Francisco in eighty-six days in 1852. He then sold her at profit of \$90,000. He superintended the building of forty of these wonderful sea racers; and was then only nineteen years of age. He soon became a partner in the house, and established a branch in Liverpool, where he soon monopolized the trade of carrying Irish emigrants to America, by issuing passage certificates, through which the Irishmen in America, brought their friends over the sea. He at once applied a quick method of loading and unloading ships, which saved much time. Though just of age, he managed to meet many of the prominent statesmen of England, and showed his disposition to "put his foot in everything," for he had unlimited "cheek." He invented the lead pencil with a rubber tip to it, and improved the method of putting coal into a cellar. By a most extraordinary act of pursuit, on a vacation trip to the States, he followed up a young lady whom he saw in a railway car, and she became his wife. He was then twenty-two years of age.

After remaining in Liverpool a short time he returned to Boston. The gold fever had broken out in Australia. He sailed for Melbourne where he established a commercial house, and began to do things "American fashion"—built warehouses, shortened the distance of the city to the sea, by a short railway, imported ready made houses from Boston, and started a great trade in Yankee notions. Some of his cargoes brought the consignors enormous profits. He sent his wife back to America so that her child might be born on American soil. He started a scheme for filling Tasmania with free emigrants, and it succeeded.

Train was always mixed up in political affairs. It was believed, at one time, that there would be a revolution in Australia, and the hot-heads asked him to head it, and become President of the new Republic. Train got tired of Australia, and went to China and Japan. He foresaw the ultimate development of the commerce of the Pacific, and he determined to organize the entire shipping interests of America in a trust. This was in 1855. He anticipated, by nearly fifty years, the bold scheme of J. P. Morgan, which proposed to grasp in a single combination the control of the steamship commerce of the Atlantic. But he failed, because commerce was not ready for it, and the minds of ship owners were not quickened.

He travelled over Europe, and got the reputation of being a radical in politics, and his money made him conspicuous. He passed for a Carbonari, a Fenian, an International. Spies watched him wherever he went.

He returned to America and by a strange device got the agents of Queen Christina of Spain to invest several millions in constructing the Atlantic and Great Western railroad, which connected the Erie line with the West. The road was finished, but as usual, Train, who lacked judgment lost much of his profits. He returned to Europe, visited Russia and had interviews with the Czar, and his Court. In 1858 he appeared again in England, where, in spite of strong opposition, he introduced the street horse railways in Liverpool. He also built several similar roads in London, to the amazement of the London people. During the Civil War he did great service to the United States by exposing in England the secret ways of the Confederate blockade runners. He returned to America and made many Union speeches. He delivered lectures in hundreds of places, and attracted attention by his pointed and eccentric talk.

He undertook the building of the Union Pacific railway, organized the Credit Mobilier, out of which great financial and political scandals sprung, bought a large tract of land in Omaha, then a wilderness, and pushed the building of the road westward. But his eccentric conduct finally put him aside, and other men took his place. In 1870, he joined the Commune in France, had trouble with Gambetta, and was thrown into prison for some days. In Marseilles he addressed 10,000 communists. At one time he was taken out to be shot, but escaped.

In 1872 he returned to America and became an independent candidate for the Presidency. He lived in Newport, R. I., and spent \$2000 a week in entertaining his friends. He made 1000 speeches in 1000 conventions. He says the people loved to be humbugged, refused to accept him, and he was stranded politically. His eccentric ways again got him into trouble, and he was imprisoned in the "Tomb" of New York city. His relatives and friends now interfered, and he was declared to be insane and a trustee took charge of his affairs. During the last twenty-five years of his life, he has been an extremely happy lunatic. For years past he could be seen in the mornings, occupying a seat in Madison Square, New York city. He passed the time feeding the birds, and playing with the children who visited the park. He fed them with nuts and candies, and had a large clientele of hungry boys and girls. His head was enormous, and with his rich curly hair, he attracted the attention of those who strolled through the Square. He is now living in the Mills Hotel No. 1. He says he now lives on \$3.00 per week, and is more contented than when he spent \$2000 a week in his Newport villa. He made a flying trip around the world in 1870, and believes that this trip suggested to Jules Verne the story of "Around the World in Eighty Days." He, later on, made the trip in sixty-seven and a half days. He has been in jail fifteen times, owing to his irresponsible conduct. He dedicates his book to the children, because he loves them and they love him.

NO REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION.

America's first slogan was: "No taxation without representation." It is turning into "No representation without taxation," in many of the States, where they are making prepayment of the taxes a pre-requisite to voting. The idea is commended to the county bill committee.

A county government is a business corporation, pure and simple, for collecting and expending taxes and conducting certain community business.

In other corporations only the stockholders—that is, those who have contributed to the capital of the company—are permitted to vote. Why should not the same rule apply to a county corporation?

Those who contribute the taxes should alone have a say as to how much the tax should be and how it should be spent.

Incorporate a provision in the County law that no man can vote for county officers unless he has paid his taxes.

A DRESS REFORM.

Another epidemic of the "nude" is prevailing on the mainland. The noted picture of "Love and Life" which the W. C. T. U. succeeded in persuading President Cleveland to cast out of the White House, by bombarding him with 300,000 letters of protest, has been restored by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, with "shameless indecency," as one of the women's journals declares.

The respectable Army and Navy Journal, has lately, also, proposed to revert to the "nude," in the matter of dress for the soldiers and sailors. Capt. Tilley, who was Governor of Samoa, stated to the Navy Department that the use of clothing had introduced lung troubles and consumption to the people of that island. The Journal, therefore, comments on the morality of dress, and the very inconsistent views which the civilized races have upon the subject. It insists that "In recent works on the evolution of modesty, historians have shown that the idea of modesty can exist apart from the clothing," also "that at swell functions ladies can unclothe themselves almost ad libitum above the waist, while in the ballet, similar freedom is allowed." The Journal cites the case of British officers in India who largely divest themselves of garments, and use, instead, a body varnish of coconut oil, and so abate the excessive heat of the country.

We are greatly distressed with the numerous "problems" we are constantly called upon to solve. Are we now to be distracted with one more which involves dress?

If Congress, however, will abandon its foolish ideas about establishing a national leper settlement on these Islands, and will substitute some exhaustive and instructive experiments in discovering the proper dress of the white man in the tropics, a real and vital problem may be solved.

Happily, in this Territory, which is subject, in some measure, to the despotic power of Congress, the majority of our voting citizens being natives are not averse to a restoration of the primitive dress of the people; they may be indeed eager for it. Therefore an act of Congress requiring, for experimental purposes, in the interests of sanitary science, that all Territorial officers shall, for one year, adopt and glorify the "nude" in their dress, should not distress our modesty. The native population, who control our institutions, by a decided majority, would no doubt willingly restore the costumes of their ancestors, and the whites who are in a minority would submit to the restoration; especially if it finally appeared that the primitive dress of coconut oil, and a slight garment, strengthened the hold of the Anglo-Saxon over the darker races of the tropics. It might greatly aid us in enforcing our "Imperial policy" in the regions lying southerly of the Tropic of Cancer.

We have, on this matter, the great authority of the pious poet John Milton, who declared of Eve in the garden, that she, "while unadorned, was adorned the most." This illustrious precedent should comfort and encourage the Territorial officers, if their experiments on these nude lines are inconvenient, and subject them, from time to time, to the scorn and remarks of depraved small boys, who are without aesthetic tastes.

If the time has come for a radical change in dress in the interests of sanitary science, it may be a fortunate event that the pioneers in the change, our Territorial officers, will be, if Congress moves in the matter, cordially supported by the numerous aborigines in restoring a fashion which existed here for centuries and which Hawaiian historians claim, was destroyed by the ruthless missionaries.

THE BYSTANDER

One of the most painful sights in this life is the well-paid minister whom a couple of sermons a week and the social duties of the pastorate break down every eight or nine months so that he has to take a long vacation at the expense of his church. It seems a pity that the devil, who never rests or sleeps, has a constitution that stands the strain of work so much better than that of any one of his evangelical foes. There is sadness in the thought, moreover, that the clerical profession is so much more exacting than any lay pursuit. One sees doctors working twelve hours per day and six hours per night for seven days and nights in the week and yet able to go for years without vacations. There are lawyers who pursue the most arduous toil for decades without a trip abroad or a satisfactory rest at home and yet keep going along in fine health. Note the editor of a morning paper who begins work at one p. m. and continues it until two a. m., preaching three or four sermons a day to tens of thousands of people, directing his staff, receiving visitors, answering correspondence, reading copy and proofs, mending headlines, inspecting the make-up, standing off the aggrieved subscriber, the grafter and the bore, carrying on battles for the public good and taking high good luck if he gets off duty for two weeks in a year. Does he break down under it all? Not much! He lives as long and keeps in as good form as his cousin of the cloth. There is the business man whose world is the market and who does not know what it is to rest until he comes to a green old age. Any of these favored mortals may well pity the minister whose two short sermons a week, a prayer meeting and the ordinary round of funerals, weddings and social duties, bring him and his assistants to the brink of nervous prostration every year about the time the summer resorts advertise. Though life is made so easy for him that he hardly hears the wheels go round—vastly easier for him than for his wife, who rarely gets a vacation—every vernal solstice finds his vitality running out, his steps lagging and his soul panting for the water brooks. Poor, poor minister and always, singularly enough, a Protestant minister! It must be that the Roman priests, whom a couple of weeks a year in some monastic retreat suffice for physical rest, are made of sterner stuff.

An old-timer said the other day: "When Kalakaua came back from his round-the-world trip, Hawaii was too small to hold him. He had been in touch with so much pomp and pageantry that he was no longer Dave, the citizen King, who used to work in the post-office, but one of those Divine Right monarchs we read about. There was pride in his port and defiance in his eye. He would have an army, a navy and a nobility. For the army he provided a field battery which he said the Emperor of Austria gave him, but the bill came in later and had to be paid. Enough soldiers were recruited to make a show behind Berger's band and the Kaimiloa (Admiral Jackson commanding) went to sea. But the idea of a nobility didn't thrive. The King was going to make Sam Parker Duke of Mana and Billy Cornwell Duke of Waikapu and appoint enough Earls, Marquises, Barons and Knights for a mess. At this juncture the late H. A. P. Carter told him about the experience of a South Sea sovereign who determined to found an aristocracy and not knowing English was induced to name a Duke of Marmalade, a Marquis de Bilgewater and a Lord High Scavenger. The story got into the papers and brought all the proposed Dukes, etc., so much unhappiness that they persuaded Kalakaua to call the scheme off. So he compromised on a noble band of colonels."

If Tom Fitch goes away, Honolulu will lose the rarest of its raconteurs. Tom's experience has been varied enough to suit any form of anecdote and everything that happens reminds him of something good. Honolulu's jubilation over the cable recalled to his mind the great day when the telegraph came to Tucson. The Hon. James R. Leatherberry was mayor of the town and when the telegraph began to work he sent a flight of messages to great men telling them how glad they ought to be that Tucson was where they could (Continued on page 5.)

CURRENT COMMENT

W. N. ARMSTRONG

I copy the following words from the N. Y. Tribune published some years ago. I find them in my scrap book:

"The Huguenots, a work to which the public are yet hardly accustomed to in its English dress, was sung last evening at Booth's Theater for the first appearance of Mme. Van Zandt, as Valentine, and the debut of Miss Annis Montague as the Queen. A large audience was drawn together by the announcement of this double attraction, and the performance which did not terminate until after midnight, was listened to with great satisfaction."

"The debut of Miss Annis Montague was entirely successful. Allowing for the trepidation attendant on a first appearance, it may be said that Miss Montague's efforts established her as a decided acquisition to the operatic stage. She possesses a light soprano voice, which she manages with great fluency. Her upper notes are bird-like and unforced, and her enunciation is remarkably good. Her vocalization in the coquettish movement of the duet with Raoul was so brilliant as to more than confirm the favorable impression produced by the opening aria, and led to a hearty encore. Miss Montague has studied to advantage in a good school, and has not mistaken her vocation."

Several Hawaiians, with their friends, had secured seats in the balcony, and after the duet with Raoul, rose into such an ecstatic demonstration of applause, that one of them dropped his hat over the front, and it landed on the head of a lady sitting beneath; it was recovered by a kindly usher. When the notes of this song bird of Hawaii burst out in the metropolis of America, my loyalty to my fair country-woman made that duet more entrancing to me than the most exquisite note that ever came from the throat of Patti, whose debut I had seen some years before.

Last week a "young business woman" offered some gentle criticism on the Y. W. C. A. It was done with a kindly appreciation of the Association's purpose and labors. The critic is a Christian, but is not up to the standard required by the Association, and is, therefore, not eligible to membership. She is deficient in her creed. Her ineligibility is naturally a slur upon her character, and on that of others like her. At best, this is unfortunate, for it makes a test which the most enlightened philanthropists do not favor. It excludes from membership many who maintain the highest ideals of Christian life, but can not accept the contradictory interpretations which theologians make of Revelation. This may be regarded an unfortunate incident in the evolution of what is called "Christian Belief," from a lower to a higher plane. It is claimed by the Association that any change in its standards is the throwing open of its doors to its enemies. Perhaps its standards would be modified, if it looked at the matter more as did Christ himself, in his thoughts and deeds, looked at it, than as some of the theologians look at it.

The criticism of a "young business woman" on the entertainment furnished by the Association, has much basis of truth. "One must not look a gift horse in the mouth," but rational criticism is valuable. It has been the misfortune of many semi-charitable affairs, that they are not founded on what is, but on what certain persons think "ought to be." On this rock many have split. "Young Women's Homes," in many places, after many discouraging failures by reason of this error of refusing to accept young women as they are, have finally succeeded by taking them as they are. Young business women are quite like their kind patrons, in nature and tastes,—all are decidedly human. Business young women, tired with the day's work, need above all things, quiet, restoring, and mainly out of door recreation. Lectures and talks bore them. They seek and need human sympathy, expressed in a form which does not touch their quick sensibilities. They may gratefully accept what is offered to them, but that does not fill their needs as sensitive and, often, educated young women. If their generous patrons would place themselves clearly, and thoughtfully in the place of these young women, and out of their thoughts and inquiries, evolved modest entertainments, they would reach happier results.

In the February issue of that most worthy paper, The Friend, I notice an allusion to the publication and sale of the Sunday Advertiser. I do not believe that the editor intends to use harsh language in discussing the matter, when he speaks of "desecrating" the Sabbath. He is rather free however in the use of language. The elder Bennett said in the N. Y. Herald, many years ago, that in a controversy between theologians, or between religious newspapers, it was quite noticeable how freely they used the word, "hell fire" in connection with their opponent's doctrines. The extravagant use of denunciation has been a weakness of the religious press, and many wicked people have been anxiously waiting for the growth of more Christian charity in the souls of pious editors.

The word "desecration" has an ugly and forbidding sound. I feel unutterably sad, when, by having some connection with a Sunday paper, I am filling the souls of some good people with anguish. I feel like throwing up the job and taking that of conductor on a Sunday Rapid Transit car, where I would not "desecrate" the day by collecting nickels from the same unhappy good people, who do not, in their own opinion, desecrate the day by promoting Sunday traffic. Perhaps my good Friend does admit that such travel is, technically, a desecration, and when he passes over his nickel, utters a silent prayer for the forgiveness of his sin, knowing that before he steps off at the church door, a cherub will kindly hand him a clean white certificate, with the fresh stamp of Heaven on it, containing a full pardon. This alternative process of sin and pardon may be continued so long as cherubim do not "strike," and the certificates hold out.

This free use of the word "desecrate" reminds me of an old deacon in Massachusetts. He was riding to church on Sunday, when a heavy shower suddenly burst over him, and thoroughly drenched his clothes. As he drew up at the church, one of his fellow members remarked: "Deacon, it kinder seems to be a desecration for the rain to spile your Sunday meetin' clothes." "Yes," said the deacon in a rage, "the Almighty done it all, when He might 'a kept the shower off till I got under the shed." This was a case of the Lord desecrating His own day.

When I was Attorney General here in 1881 a Chinaman was arrested for desecrating the Sabbath by cutting some grass. Dr. C. M. Hyde and others approved of the arrest, I said to them: "I will prosecute this man, if you wish it, but I will also order Marshal Parke to arrest, next Sunday, every person who desecrates the day by riding to church in a carriage, if he is well and able to walk. Your own pious Pilgrim ancestors put people into the pillory for riding to church on Sunday. Let us treat all persons alike, and according to 'v.' So the prosecution was dropped."

I cannot here thrash out again the matter of Sunday observances. Every fair and thoughtful person knows that it is a personal or individual matter, subject to many indefinite limitations about which good people cannot agree. Clergymen, by the score, travel on Sunday, in order to reach pulpits. Is this "desecration?" Last year, in Washington city, I noticed that a hundred Sunday school people came over from Baltimore in an early train on Sunday to attend a Sunday school convention. Was this "desecration?" Do you, good Friend, have more divine light on the matter than those Sunday travellers? Do you not know that in our highly complex civilization we are confronted with perplexing problems? Do you not know that much of your comfort de-

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PUBLIC OPINION

GERMANY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

That eminent British economist, Sir Robert Giffen, has written to the London Times to say that not the slightest reliance is to be placed upon Germany's assurances that she does not intend to make territorial acquisition in South America. Of the Venezuelan affair he says: "German protestations that no territory is desired are worthless. In the economic condition of Germany territory is very much a desideratum if it is not actually desired, and especially territory like that of Venezuela, where in spite of its situation at the equator there is, by reason of the mountainous nature of the country, much fertile land suitable for European settlement, while there are rich mining districts calling for expert exploitation. Given a suitable opportunity, Germany has every motive to convert a temporary into a permanent occupation of such territory, and the hostility of the United States, especially if Germany had England for a partner, would not prevent the attempt to do so."

WANTS TO KNOW IT ALL.

We ought to know the evil things that are going on in the world. We don't want an Index Expurgatorius. We don't want a censor, either at Washington or in a Chicago editorial chair, to tell us what we may read. I want to know everything. . . . The daily newspaper is a history of current life. Its business is to tell us what went on in the world yesterday. It is first of all a reporter.—Lyman Abbott.

DEMOCRACY AND THE NEGRO.

"If President Roosevelt has made up his mind to outrage and insult people of the South by appointing and keeping in office obnoxious negroes, his negro appointees will be killed, just as the negro appointees of other Republican Presidents have been put out of the way."—New Orleans States.

NOW HE'S SURE OF EATING.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., loaned \$200 to a college chum and has been paid in full, much to his gratification. It is terrible to think of the suffering that Rockefeller might have undergone this winter if he had not received this sum.—Indianapolis News.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Rockefeller has given \$100,000 to the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., but it is hardly worth while to raise the price of oil for a little present like that.—Detroit Free Press.